

# COHASSET COTTAGER.

VOLUME II.

## COHASSET GRAIN MILLS.

ESTABLISHED 1879.

We respectfully call the attention of our friends in this and neighboring towns to the fact that we have prepared the sick and neighbor of the former proprietors and prepared to sell at the lowest cash price the best of Corn, Meal, Oats, Mill feed, Oats, Rye and Kye Meal, Wheat, Barley, Hay and Straw, also Beef and Pork Scraps, Cotton and Larded meat. Agents for Soluble Pacific Guana. All orders by mail or otherwise, promptly attended to. Custom Milling at short notice.

J. R. AINSLIE & Co.

(Successors to J. WEATHERBEE.)

Office and Mills at Westerly end of Depot, COHASSET.

## Dry Goods! Crockery!

I have opened a New Stock of Goods in the

**Old Weatherbee Store,**  
Greenbush,

Where I shall keep a Full and Fresh Line of

**Groceries, Flour,**  
GRAIN, FEED,  
**Hardware, Farming Tools,**  
Pure Teas, Coffees and Spices.

A FULL LINE OF

**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.**

Also, constantly on hand a Selected Lot of

Oat Meal, Rye Meal, Granulated  
Meal, Hominy, True Wheat  
Meal, Buckwheat, &c.

Nice Prunes and Raisins, Canned Goods,  
Sugar, Molasses, Butter, Cheese, Essences,  
Sweet Potatoes, Kerosene Oil, &c.  
Dobbins', Babbit's and Am. Family Soaps.

Franklin and Lackawanna Coal.

Having been connected with the Flour and Grain trade in Boston for over 8 years, I feel confident that I can place before the citizens of Scituate and vicinity a first-class assortment of goods, and hope to receive a share of their patronage.

WM. H. SAMPSON.

## BUTTRICK'S PATTERNS,

AT

**The Variety Store.**

SPRING CATALOGUES

AND

FASHION PLATES

FOR MARCH

Just Received. Patterns at a saving of trouble, expense and risk of

H. A. SEAVERTS & CO.

NO. SCITUATE.

COHASSET, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1884.

NUMBER 48.

### COHASSET SAVINGS BANK.

COHASSET, Mass., Feb. 18, 1884.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Coahasset Savings Bank held on Monday, 11th Inst., it was voted to increase the Capital Stock of the Bank, which was then \$10,000, to \$15,000, to all whom in said effect, and have the same issued in stock and bank notes, and to have the new currency.

NEWTON BATES.

COHASSET, Mass., Feb. 18, 1884.

The following statement having been

fully qualified now constitutes the full Board of Directors of the Coahasset Savings Bank.

President, John W. Bates, Clark.

First V. Bates, Treasurer.

John Q. A. Colby, Escholton.

John N. Lincoln, Philanthropist.

William S. Lovell, Charles H.

Ward, Somersworth.

John F. Teller.

Board of Governors, Martin Lincoln, Pres., J.

W. Lovell, Vice-Pres., J.

S. Lovell, Secretary.

W. Lovell, Trustee.

COHASSET COTTAGER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

### COHASSET COTTAGER.

AT COHASSET, MASS.

ADVERTISING RATES VERY LOW.

Subscription Price \$2 per year.

SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

H. T. P. Bates, Editor.

N. BATES, Agent.

### THE ANNUAL MASQUERADE.

The annual masquerade, the third under the management of Messrs. G. W. Collier, E. F. Olmsted, C. H. Cowles, H. P. Furber and H. T. P. Bates and the ninth and tenth given of last year in the town, brought out the usual large crowd which these parties always attract. As in years past the costumes were varied and beautiful, many of them the result of much ingenuity and some very comical.

At eight o'clock, the time appointed for the grand march, every available seat in the hall was occupied, showing conclusively that the annual masquerade had not lost its power to please. About fifty couples fled in the grand march, of whose costumes, a short description will be found below:

Giving to the aged first place we note that C. H. Cossens, C. S. Burr, James A. Bouve and E. Hyer appeared as old ladies. H. T. P. Bates personated a yankee, W. D. Malson and G. W. Collier were the part of clowns, D. B. Bates and F. L. Nichols waltzed *aller manner like as China men*.

T. Allen Rich was a bold sailor boy, E. F. Olmsted in sombre garments personated a moravian monk and H. E. Mapes by the use of the same color was a good representation of a crow. Bela B. Nichols was an attractive young lady. J. Bowers and F. Lawrence appeared in costumes appropriate to the day personating Washington. H. P. Furber was a prince of high degree and Steenie Nichols a page. Eddie Nichols in an original costume appeared as the flower of chivalry. Frank Pogram performed a fat boy of wonderful dimensions.

Harry Collier looked down on the scene in ghostly garments, while Walter Spear appeared as a butcher, C. D. Warren represented a Spanish Brigand and H. W. Nichols came from Ireland. Fred Little represented Cape Cod as an olderman. A Mr. Allen appeared as a cavalier and C. Litchfield as a dandy. Harry Tilden was a Scotch boy and E. Snow dyed appeared as Christopher Columbus.

E. P. Collier renewed his youth as a baby, W. B. Feating appeared as a band master, while by a singular coincidence Miss Maggie Tower, Laura S. Tower and Lilla Collier personated the Coahasset Musical Association. Misses Annie P. Ogood, Grace E. Tower and Anna T. Collier took the part of school girls trundling hoop about the floor. Minnie Snow and Louise Dugod assumed the garb of Italian peasant girls and Julia M. Furber of a German peasant girl. Jennie Nichols illustrated the prevailing craze, a crazy quilt, and Nannie J. Lothrop shone as a morning star. Marion Pratt, Miss Allen, Gerrie Bowe, Sallie Fox, Minnie Fox and Jessie Merriman appeared in fancy costumes. Mrs. T. A. Rich came as an old lady, and Hattie Nichols as a school girl. Jessie Sargent was a tambourine girl and Edith J. Tower a lady of rank. Mrs. E. P. Collier personified Ophelia and Lucy Bourne Red Riding Hood. Miss Josie Vinal performed in a unique costume on which were distributed a pack of playing cards.

The above list, although probably not complete owing to the short time given in making up the account, will give a general idea of the variety of the costumes.

At about nine o'clock

the maskers formed in a large circle around the hall preparatory to unmasking, guess who the lookers on who was who, were probably much more numerous than were the maskers themselves but as groups of four couples marched to the centre of the hall and unmasked, it is safe to assume that far more guesses were wrong than right.

After a short intermission, allowing

the maskers time for a change of costume, a very neat order of dances containing the following figures was distributed:

### ORDERS OF DANCES.

MARSH, CHORUS AND WALTZ.

1. Quadrille.

2. Grandsalle.

3. Portion Fancy.

4. Waltz.

5. Quadrille.

6. Chorus—Entertainment.

Lancers.

7. Schottische.

8. Quadrille.

9. Waltz.

10. Quadrille.

11. Waltz.

12. Waltz.

13. Waltz.

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## Special Notices.

No notice can be taken of ungrammatical communications. Whatever is received for the "Special Notices" must be brief, and the name of the writer, not given, unless only for publication, but we are a grammar of good taste.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for views or opinions expressed in the communications.

The new post law now makes the taking of newspaper and the refusal to pay for the same, theft, and any known guilty of such an action liable to criminal proceedings, the status as if he had stolen goods to the moment of his conviction.

**Louis, New York.** We wish to call the attention of the readers of this paper to the fact that most of the legal notices recently inserted in our columns have been written by persons who are entitled to a newspaper published in their town where the property is located, if there is a paper published in said town. Under your advertisements inserted in this paper.

## ALMOST.

BY A. R. W.

Almost is a kind of shadow.  
Where the sweeping willows bend,  
Where the shades of midnight darkness  
With the sunlight ever bloom.  
The many golden hours  
Vanish by magic words;  
Where the hopes of youths bright spring  
Thus.  
Fall over groped by eager hand,  
Hear the golden sun of morning  
Sticks behind a heavy cloud,  
Hides his brilliant face of promise  
Swiftly with a shade's swoon.  
All! how many broken blossoms  
Mark the land along the way,  
And how many weary footwings  
Break it in the time of day.  
Search for some loops long shadowed  
Where the shadows of the ocean stand,  
Rush to the shore in silence,  
Over a broken prophet planned.  
Almost—some hue hangs low,  
From home and poet away,  
Almost—some soul has perished  
Never more to watch or pray.

## TWICE MARRIED.

"Oh, papa, I'm so tired!"  
"I know you are, Ailie, but  
we must keep till we reach  
the mountain top."  
"Is mamma up there?" asked  
the child; then with a wistful  
glance at her father: "Do you  
think she will be glad to see us,  
Papa?"

"Glad to see you, I hope, but—  
oh, Ailie, you must ask her to  
forgive me."

There was a slight quiver in  
the man's voice, and the child,  
although not comprehending the  
cause of it, laid her small hand  
on his coat sleeve with a sympathetic  
touch. They walked on for  
some time without speaking,  
then she broke the silence, saying:

"Papa, why is mamma angry  
at you? I will not love her if she  
is not good to you, for I love you  
dearly—dearly."

"Let us sit here awhile, Ailie,  
and I will endeavor to make you  
understand all about it."

She obeyed, glad of an opportunity  
to rest her tired limbs. Crossing her hands on her lap  
she looked up into his face trustfully.

"You see," he began, "your  
mother wasn't like me; I mean  
long ago when I first met her. She  
was a lady, and I was a groom or servant on her father's place.  
She used to ride out every day, and I rode after her to see  
that no harm came to her. After  
a while we grew to be friends; then  
lovers. She was only a chit  
of a girl, and when I asked her  
to run away with me she consented.  
One night she stole out of  
her father's house and came to  
the oak grove where I was waiting  
for her. I had secured a  
fleet-footed horse, and when  
morning dawned we were miles  
away. We took passage on a steamer  
bound for America, and were married  
the day after our arrival.

For a while she appeared  
happy enough, although,  
of course, we were very poor;  
but I was young and hopeful  
and loved my child-wife. Gradually  
she began to pine for her old home.  
She was unused to poverty,  
and didn't know how to bear  
the ups and downs of life as a  
poor girl would have done.

She frequently upbraided me  
for the misfortune I had brought  
upon her, and in time began to  
lose me. I did the best I could  
for her, and looked forward to  
your birth, thinking she would be  
more content when she held her  
baby in her arms; but I was mistaken,  
nothing could reconcile  
her to a life of poverty with me.

"When you were a few months  
old I discovered she was receiving  
letters from her father. Every  
day helped to widen the breach  
between us. Although she treated  
me with cold contempt, I did  
not blame her much, for I knew  
too well how I had ruined her  
life, and her unhappiness increased  
mine tenfold.

"As that time I was employed  
on the docks. One morning  
while at work a lady, closely  
veiled, accompanied by a gentleman  
and a nurse, with a child in

her arms, passed me. Something  
about her figure attracted my  
attention, and as I turned to look  
after them I caught a glimpse of  
the baby's face. I stood for a  
moment unable to move or speak.  
Meanwhile they had boarded a  
steamer that would sail for Liver-  
pool in a few hours. When I re-  
covered my surprise I went as  
rapidly as possible to the house  
that had never been a happy one,  
and learned that my wife and  
child had gone away in a car-  
riage an hour or two before.  
Bursting with rage and excite-  
ment, I hurried back to the vessel.  
Your mother was on deck talking  
earnestly to her companion, and  
the nurse was saying good-bye to  
some friends who had come to  
see her off. I walked boldly up  
to her and inquired the number  
of her state-room, saying that her  
mistress had sent me for her  
shawl. The girl replied that she  
would go and get it, but I said  
pleasantly, "Talk to your friends  
while you have time." Only too  
glad of an opportunity to have a  
last word with those she was leaving  
behind, she told me the number,  
at the same time charging  
me to be careful and not awaken  
the baby. Trembling with ex-  
citement I hurried to the state-  
room, wrapped in the shawl  
and walked off the steamer.  
Have I made the story of my  
early life clearly to you, Ailie?"

"Yes, papa, I understand it  
perfectly, and am so sorry for  
you, poor, dear papa!" Then,  
with a wistful glance in his face,  
she inquired, stroking her mother's  
pal check.

"It is true then—are you indeed  
my lost darling?" murmured Lady

Denbeigh, faintly.

"Yes, mamma, and I am going  
to love you dearly to make up for  
the time we have not known each other."

Some hours elapsed before

Lady Denbeigh was sufficiently  
composed to listen to a recital of  
the events that had transpired  
since Ailie's abduction. Then

Miles told her how he had gone  
to Plymouth and finally obtained  
employment, and from that time onward had been  
such the world turned a success-  
ful man. How while amassing  
wealth he had striven to cultivate  
his mind. He was now a rich  
man. The few relatives he had  
left in his old home were dead,  
and in the event of his demise Ailie  
would be entirely alone.

His chief reason for seeking

Lady Denbeigh was to entreat her  
to receive the child, and to be-  
stow upon her a mother's loving care.

He would settle upon her a sum  
sufficient for all her wants,  
so that in a pecuniary sense she  
would not be a burden.

Lady Denbeigh gladly agreed  
to all his plans for the girl's future.

Ailie was to stay at the hall,  
and Miles would remain in the  
village, seeing her every day  
until she grew accustomed to her  
new life.

At first Lady Denbeigh main-  
tained a dignified reserve before  
him, but on the eve of his departure  
for London she confessed that  
when she had realized what efforts  
he had made to secure her happiness,  
she had bitterly regretted deserting him, and had written  
craving his forgiveness. For  
years detectives had searched for  
the child. Although legally sepa-  
rated from him, she had kept his  
image enshrined in her heart,  
and not until convinced he was  
dead did she, at the urgent solicitation  
of her family, consent to marry Lord Denbeigh.

"I scarcely blamed you for re-  
turning to the life of luxury and  
refinement from which I had  
taken you," he admitted. "As  
you years went by I saw more  
distinctly the social gulf which di-  
vided us, and realized more fully  
the wrong I had committed. When  
I heard you were married to  
one of your own rank I rejoiced  
for your sake, even when  
acknowledging to myself that you  
were lost to me forever."

His tone was infinitely sad.  
He bowed his head for a moment,  
and seemed lost in gloomy reflections.

"Did you never meet any one—  
I mean—"

He looked up—their eyes met.

"Any one to fill the void in my  
lonely heart? No?"

"Oh, Miles, forgive me—for-  
give me!"

Pride, reserve were cast aside,  
and the lay sobbing in his arms.

A week later Mrs. Mrs. Feath-  
erstone read in the London  
Times:

"Married, at Denbeigh, July  
10, Miles Carlyle to Lady Caro-  
line, widow of the late Lord Den-  
beigh."

"Carrie always did have low  
tales. I suppose this is the same  
creature she eloped with before,  
and I am glad her poor father is  
not living to hear of this new dis-  
grace," was her angry comment.

The next morning Ailie and  
her father went down to the vil-  
lage hotel, where their luggage  
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after making the needful change  
in their dress they set out for  
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The new Duchess of Westminster, wife

of one of the richest men of Europe, was  
now the center of white fashion, most  
evidently due to her youth. The  
reality is somewhat different. It is to  
say Mr. Buff's Cough Remedy.

"I have come to crave a few  
moments' conversation with you,  
madam, in behalf of this child."

"Hush," he answered softly,  
"if she is indeed your mother,  
Lifting his hat respectfully he said:

"I have come to crave a few  
moments' conversation with you,  
madam, in behalf of this child."

He had fancied himself fully  
prepared for this interview, but

didn't think young men, that first house  
in less than a year, are going to be encap-  
sulated in such a way. The girls want a chance  
to look before they leap.

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## SOUTH SHORE AND COUNTY.

The post office at West Abington, Mass., has discontinued.

St. Bridget's church of Abington is soon to be frescoed and furnished with a suitable pipe organ.

Work will soon be commenced on the double track on the O. C. R. R. from Campello to Middleboro.

The interior improvements at the Catholic church at Wareham, are completed.

A transfer of some forty papers  
was made to the State warehouse,  
from Westboro, last week.

The Plymouth Bind is making arrangements for new uniform suits  
to appear on Memorial Day.

Kent Heward, formerly catcher of  
the Brockton base-ball nine, joined the  
Hay City club of Michigan.

Mr. John Keevedell, of Middleboro,  
cut his last half while chopping in  
the woods, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Walker, of  
Middleboro, celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary on the  
12th inst.

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